4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

A horrible belief prevails among the Ghegs that when men or women live to be a hundred years old their breath becomes poisonous and kills healthy people. Von Hahn says that old people suspected of causing sickness in this way, especially when an epidemic is raging, have atoned for their longevity with a fiery death at the hands of their panic-stricken neighbours.[1]

A curious notion is also shared by Greeks and Albanians that shadows are capable of assuming an independent existence, and, being malevolently disposed, are able to deal men blows which usually cause their death.

The Dif, or Dev (δίφι, δίβι, δεφ, δίβι), is, like the Kūrdish supernal of the latter name,[2] a being possessed of extraordinary physical strength. "He is a regular Dif" is said of a remarkably strong man, as we say, "He is another Samson." According to the people of Elbassan, the Dif is an enormous giant who lives underground and never comes to the surface, and whose business it is to keep the cauldrons boiling which supply the hot and medicinal springs in the neighbourhood of that town. These springs, in common with those found in other parts of the country, are much resorted to for curative purposes. Their waters are, however, drunk indiscriminately for all kinds of ailments, without regard to their various medicinal properties. The cures effected not being attributed to the water itself so much as to the influence of the magical beings who have their abodes in the springs and wells, people consequently go

[1] *Albanesische Studien*, p. 163.

[2] See p. 155. Von Hahn suggests an Indian origin for this word, which, he says, he had found in no other part of Turkey. *Op. cit.* p. 162.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
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Where is the man, love of such mother, wife,
Who holds within his heart, counts not his life
As naught, as naught whatever he
May sacrifice, to keep his loved one free.

* * * * *

Come! Oh, ye generous sons, brave children, come!
And you, ye cherished husbands, hasten home.
Come to the arms of those who, with your fall,
Would have lost loved ones, country, home, and all!
Come back and rest from war's dread strife and din,
And teach your sons a hero's name to win!

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The following ballad graphically describes a struggle which took place in 1795 between the Ghegs under Mahmoud Pasha of Scutari and the Tosks under Kourd Pasha of Berat.

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Beat, beat, O valiant hearts of Ghegs, with noble pride!
The hosts of Tosks we've scattered far and wide;
For warrior Scutari has now at length,
With Roumeli's famed hero tried her strength.

To Hussein Mollah hear them call with glee,
"Now onward march, Tabácchi and Terzi,
Tosk has met Gheg. Come thou, our Laureate,
And make a song this fight to celebrate."

Kourd Pasha's at Berat, there let him bide;
Mean is his rank to stand Mahmoud beside;
What's he before Mahmoud Pasha, our lord?
How dares he 'gainst his master draw the sword?

Rebel is Kourd Pasha and *verlazi*,[1]
To his liege lord a traitor foul is he;
With fear he trembles when afar the drum,
Three hours[2] away, proclains Mahmoud doth come.

[805
822]

[1] One who takes arms against his suzerain.
[2] Distance in the East is always calculated by time